

FARMER KENT'S PARSON.

[Written for this paper.]

HANKSGIVING DAY—
The solemn
With autumn tints
The purple fruit and the
The golden leaves
Shone fair in the
The autumn light
When the people passed
From out the door
Some gazed with rapture
On a ragged beggar, old
And blind,
Who stood in the vestibule.

The parson stayed a moment's space
By the beggar's grim and gray;
He said: "Good morning, my worthy friend,
Are you giving thanks to-day?
Move on—no doubt your dinner waits.
And the parson went his way.
The beggar smiled: "My Father's lands
Extend from sea to sea,
He feeds the ravens when they cry,
And He'll send a crumb for me."

"Somewhere within His wide domain
A table doth await;
Beneath some humble cotter's roof,
Or by the rich man's gate,
I will not be too late."
Then Farmer Kent passed where he stood;
He was a kindly man,
With shoulders broad, and hearty voice,
And cheek and brow of tan.

He said: "I own as fair a home
As is beneath the sky;
Yet, when I catch the scent of flame,
Or when the wind is high,
I fear, mayhap, a smoking heap
Will greet my eager eye.
My fields are rich with flocks and herds,
My wife is good and fair;
And half a score of girls and boys
Crowd close about my chair."

"If I could know death would not come
And all their beauty bright
This morn't I would be a happy man,
I may not be to-night."
"Shall not the Judge of all the earth
Do for His own the right?
Some time ago, it is not long,
Your fortune fair was mine;
My wealth took wings and flew away;
But shall I fret and pine?"

"My wife and child—green grows the turf
Above their place of rest;
No drop of blood is kin to me,
There is no lowly nest
To call my own, and yet I'm sure
The Father doth best
When summer breezes round me play,
And sunshine warms my face,
I fare alone, I only know
I'll find my child's place."

"And when the summer days are dead,
When ice and frost and snow
Blot out the sun and hide the earth,
And fierce winds wildly blow,
The Father doth best
Upon my way I go.
The summer leaves and running brooks
Were never more His own
Than are the frost and biting winds
That chill me to the bone."

Then Farmer Kent took off his hat;
He said: "I came to-day
To hear the parson talk of Heaven,
And, happily, show the way.
But the truest preacher I have seen
Is this beggar, lean and gray.
Now come with me, from this day forth
You are my honored guest."
The beggar shook his head and said:
"The Father knoweth best."

"He leadeth you, He leadeth me,
He brought us all the way,
Through paths of sin, and doubt, and pain,
To this Thanksgiving day.
That you might teach me how to trust,
To thank Him, and to pray.
A cozy nook awaits for you
Beside my ample hearth;
Ah! He never makes mistakes,
The Judge of all the earth."

MARGARET HOLMES.

DICK BLAKE.

The Story of His Thanksgiving
Rose—How He Won It.

[Written for this paper.]

THE THANKSGIVING story of fiction is apt to have a certain sameness about it. The country, the gathering under the family roof-tree, the dinner and the wanderings of the wanderers, all are connected by a thread of love or pathos, as the case may be, are quite familiar to present day readers.

It vaguely occurs to me that I have somewhere read or heard that "truth is stranger than fiction." And this shall be my apology for this departing from established usages in the simple Thanksgiving tale which itself is connected with Sim-Theodosia Brown's money.

The money was only a part of Mrs. Brown's menage-menagerie. Mrs. Baxter's other boarders called it. The widow was also the owner of a parrot, two dwarfed pugs and a small pet alligator. But Mrs. Theodosia Brown had inherited from the deceased Brown something like half a million. And as she paid liberally for her two front rooms in the first flight, Mrs. Baxter would have allowed her to have kept an anaconda or a baby elephant provided they did not annoy the other boarders.

Dick Blake, who had the room opposite, was never annoyed by Mrs. Brown's pet. Indeed, generally speaking, they were to him a source of perpetual joy and comfort. It might have been the extreme interest which he took in them—all the alligator excepted—that led the fair widow to fancy that in spite of her six years of seniority she had made a conquest of the handsome young fellow at whom she had cast languishing eyes.

Dick himself was far too modest to dream of the interest he had aroused in the widow's heart. Indeed, he would as soon have thought of making love to Mrs. Baxter's landlady, who was old enough to be his mother, even if his affections were not already pre-empted.

Her name was Frank or Francis—according to the fancy of her friends. Dick called her Miss Francis always, pending the time when he fondly hoped to call her Francis darling. Her room was up three flights, and Mrs. Theodosia Brown always spoke of her in view of her occupation as "that type-writer girl."

But Mrs. Brown was thirty odd, somewhat high colored, inclined to embonpoint and a laugry wario; while Francis was nineteen, with a graceful, well-rounded figure and a firm, elastic step, suggestive of perfect health. And when I add that she had a sweet, refined face, intelligent eyes and a happy, curly tress-like over a broad, white forehead, and, withal, as goddess she was pretty, it will be readily seen that the widow had the best of her.

hume reasons for speaking in a slighting way of Francis Bruton.

Now, Dick's heart had long before gone out into Francis's keeping. If the young girl herself was aware of this she made no sign. Why should she when he had never spoken a word to her? But on this particular day Dick Blake had resolved to—
—put it to the test
—And win—or lose it all.

This, then, was the meaning of the sheet after sheet which, completed and torn up in disgust, filled his waste-paper basket Thanksgiving morning, while small Sim, the monkey, having temporarily escaped from his mistress' room, sat looking down at the disturbed waste with infinite interest from the open transom over the door.

But finally Dick managed to compress his hopes, fears and desires into four closely-written pages of commercial note. "If I may venture to hope," he said, in a burst of originality at the close, "will you wear at your throat when you come down to dinner on the Jacqueminto the chambermaid left on my dressing-case this morning?" and signed his name.

This epistle, enveloped and addressed, he took up-stairs. Miss Francis's door stood a little ajar. He rapped once, twice, but only echoed replied. Hesitating a moment, Mr. Blake stepped softly in and with a half reverent glance about the prettily furnished little apartment with its atmosphere of domesticity.

But it all looked very cheerful and pleasant in the subdued glow from the gas chandeliers to the eyes of the dozen or more invited guests on the Thanksgiving evening of which I write. At least, so they all seemed to be in perfect accord, and we all know that what every one says must be perfectly true.

The menagerie was, generally speaking, in a somewhat condition. The pet alligator, relegated to the small ante room out of consideration to Mr. Putter's feelings, was presumably dormant in his box. The Angora cat slept contentedly on a Turk rug before an open grate of glowing anthracite. The parrot slumbered—she tended to—in his swinging perch in the big bay window. One of the pugs snored on a corner cushion. The whereabouts of the other was made known directly after the entrance of Francis, who, being unacquainted with the dog, had not seen that the canine was occupying the newest easy chair, into which the reverend gentleman dropped heavily, to spring lightly and hastily up with a shrill, sharp shriek that was drowned in the small ante room.

But even this agreeable incident which convulsed several of the worldlings present with secret but unseemly laughter failed to chase the gloom from the brow of young Mr. Blake. In vain Mrs. Brown vouchsafed her sweetest smiles, while equally vain were the attempts of Miss Dasher, a very delectable young woman, to lure him to her side. With an air of Byronic melancholy that most perfectly suited his mood, he stood aloof following with his eyes every movement of pretty Francis, to whom, on entering, he had vouchsafed the most formal of bows.

Indeed, so marked had been his coldness, that Francis, who, as most perfectly suited his mood, he stood aloof following with his eyes every movement of pretty Francis, to whom, on entering, he had vouchsafed the most formal of bows.

Had Mr. Blake seen her naughty, naughty Sim that morning? He was even then placidly munching bonbons in his favorite resort the open transom over Mr. Blake's door. He was not to be disturbed.

Yet a glance at the transom showed that it was empty. Sim, taking advantage of Dick's absence, had probably descended in quest of more bonbons. It was a way he had.

But a thorough search of the room, which Mrs. Brown's sense of propriety did not permit her to enter, revealed no trace of the missing link. So finally the lady took a higher flight in the second and third stories, whither the erratic Sim was wont to escape whenever he slipped his chain, which on an average was six times a week.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Brown, with a heightened color and Sim struggling in her arms, passed Mr. Blake's door and entered her own.

But Blake had little thought for captor or captive. The Marguerite refrain—"she loves me—loves me not"—kept repeating itself over and over again in the mind of this usually matter-of-fact young man. Would she or would she not wear his roses? Hope suggested she would—fear took a contrary view. And so the pro's and con's struggled for precedence till the summons to dinner.

Though Dick's back was toward the dining-hall door, he knew with a lover's clairvoyance when Francis entered. Above the clatter of chair legs, the rattle of dishes and hubbub of voices he heard the soft rustle of her dress before she reached and passed him, but he had not the courage for the moment to look up.

Not until Francis had taken her accustomed seat at the table directly opposite did Dick raise his eyes to learn his fate. And then his heart almost stopped beating. He saw nothing of the little smile and nod of recognition. All he saw was that at Francis's white throat, encircled by a dainty ruffe scarce whiter—*his roses were pinned.*

How Dick managed to get through the form of eating that Thanksgiving dinner he does not know to this day. He ate and drank mechanically of the colorless dishes that tasted to him like the ashes of Dead Sea apples. Side dishes were an abomination and pie a hollow mockery. The only time he ventured a second glance in Francis's direction she was chatting gaily with that infernal young Golden, of whom he had long been secretly jealous. And in metaphor, this was the last feather.

"Guess you left your appetite up-stairs, eh, Blake?" cheerfully remarked a neighbor, on his left, entirely unabashed by Dick's angry glare.

The Rev. Mr. Putter, Dick's vicar-a-vis, saw an opening for a word in season. He was a stiff, rusty-necked individual, with mutton-chop whiskers and a chronic dislike toward Dick who had once surreptitiously inserted Mrs. Brown's pet alligator between his led sheets.

"I fear," he solemnly remarked across the table, "that your young friend is not duly thankful."

"What the devil have I got to be thankful for?" savagely ejaculated unhappy Dick.

Rev. Mr. Putter turned quite pale at this unexpected and altogether diabolical outburst which fell like a verbal thunderbolt in the immediate vicinity. Yet what could one expect from a young man who had boldly avowed his sympathy with the heretical professor at Andover?

From the stand-point of those who had heard this explosive query, Dick Blake had much to be thankful for. Youth, health, intellect, good looks and a commanding competency are certainly blessings worthy of being counted.

For a moment of obediently approaching Mr. Blake's catstretched head, Sim rose on his hind legs and staggered across the room, wildly waving his hand above his head. Then he chattered and blooped alternately for a moment, after which he plunged, unobserved, at unhappy Mr. Putter, and when he hit in the calf of the leg. "He's mad—he's got the hydrophobia!" shouted Mr. Putter, in dire distress as he held on to the wounded member with both hands.

If Sim was mad there was method in his madness; for all at once, having violently twitched the tail of the Angora cat in passing, he skipped nimbly up on a side table upon which stood the handsome bull writing desk belonging to Mrs. Brown.

Before that estimable lady realized the situation Sim threw back the lid and snatched in his small paw an addressed envelope with a broken seal, with which he sprang to the door.

Mrs. Brown's fine color gave place to a sickly pallor as she saw the letter. "Catch him, some one—that letter!" she gasped, and Francis Bruton, who was not in the least afraid of Sim, whom she had often coaxed into her room with bonbons, was quick to respond.

Seizing Sim laughingly as he dashed past her, Francis wrested the envelope from his paw, but as her eyes unwittingly turned to the address so plainly visible under the glass chandelier, she uttered a litte exclamation of surprise.

"Why—it's addressed to me—and the seal is broken!" she exclaimed, fixing her clear eyes on Mrs. Theodosia Brown, who, for a moment, was stricken dumb.

There was an awkward silence that was suddenly broken by Dick Blake's deliberate "ice."

"Yes, Miss Francis," he said, quietly, "I know it is yours, because I wrote it and laid it in your room while you were out this morning. The seal was unbroken then," he added, with a curling lip.

"By Jove, that's a fact for the widow," muttered Bluffer, who was known to have sporting proclivities.

"I think I must bid you good night," said Francis, bowing with a slightly heightened color to the guests who about her. "Good night, Mrs. Brown," and vanished through the door.

Half an hour later Mr. Blake heard a gentle tap at his door. Throwing it open, he stood for a moment in a state of ecstatic bewilderment.

For before him stood Francis, looking demurely downward at a knot of roses, whose carnation seemed reflected in her cheeks.

With a rapturous exclamation Blake sprang forward. But lifting her glad eyes to his own with a sweet, yet shy glance, he told him all he would know. Francis turned and sped lightly up the stairway. Passing at the head of the flight, and detaching one of the roses from her breast, she touched her fresh young lip to it and tossed it so deftly that it fell at Blake's feet.

Something to be thankful for," she whispered, "I thought, Blake, that I might, if I were to give you my roses, I should give you my heart."

THANKSGIVING DAY.
Familiarly a Woman's Festival—A Day Celebrated Within the Walls of Home.

It may not be generally recognized, but it is a fact that Thanksgiving is peculiarly a woman's festival.

In the first place, unlike our other chief National festival, the Fourth of July—of Christmas and New Year's have never been made the subject of National enactment or proclamation by the President of the Government—Thanksgiving is a day celebrated within the walls of home; for even the church service in the morning, when one is attended, is a part of the home surroundings.

It is toward home that every one who is away from it looks on the approach of the day; it is home to which every one comes who has any home to come to. It is home and the things of home that are remembered afterward in reciting the next day was passed. And home is the woman's throne—a throne very possibly, but one nevertheless of deep significance. Whatever other sphere she fills abroad and in the world, still, as where her home is, she is the center of the world.

Woman is, then, entirely the priestess of this altar; and it is an altar, this Thanksgiving one, to which Delphos could have offered but a feeble rivalry. For the keenest of Thanksgiving Day intends not to be offering sacrifices to a priestess, but to receive blessings from a priestess.

All blessings received, all misfortunes withheld, but it is with all that a celebration of the fact and existence of home. And who so fit and natural to make that celebration, to officiate as priestess, as the woman? Wherever woman is is the shrine, and the altar; she is the peculiar genius of home, and the festival of Thanksgiving is the festival of the home—the festival of woman.

Woman is, then, entirely the priestess of this altar; and it is an altar, this Thanksgiving one, to which Delphos could have offered but a feeble rivalry. For the keenest of Thanksgiving Day intends not to be offering sacrifices to a priestess, but to receive blessings from a priestess.

For a moment of obediently approaching Mr. Blake's catstretched head, Sim rose on his hind legs and staggered across the room, wildly waving his hand above his head. Then he chattered and blooped alternately for a moment, after which he plunged, unobserved, at unhappy Mr. Putter, and when he hit in the calf of the leg. "He's mad—he's got the hydrophobia!" shouted Mr. Putter, in dire distress as he held on to the wounded member with both hands.

If Sim was mad there was method in his madness; for all at once, having violently twitched the tail of the Angora cat in passing, he skipped nimbly up on a side table upon which stood the handsome bull writing desk belonging to Mrs. Brown.

Before that estimable lady realized the situation Sim threw back the lid and snatched in his small paw an addressed envelope with a broken seal, with which he sprang to the door.

Mrs. Brown's fine color gave place to a sickly pallor as she saw the letter. "Catch him, some one—that letter!" she gasped, and Francis Bruton, who was not in the least afraid of Sim, whom she had often coaxed into her room with bonbons, was quick to respond.

Seizing Sim laughingly as he dashed past her, Francis wrested the envelope from his paw, but as her eyes unwittingly turned to the address so plainly visible under the glass chandelier, she uttered a litte exclamation of surprise.

"Why—it's addressed to me—and the seal is broken!" she exclaimed, fixing her clear eyes on Mrs. Theodosia Brown, who, for a moment, was stricken dumb.

There was an awkward silence that was suddenly broken by Dick Blake's deliberate "ice."

"Yes, Miss Francis," he said, quietly, "I know it is yours, because I wrote it and laid it in your room while you were out this morning. The seal was unbroken then," he added, with a curling lip.

"By Jove, that's a fact for the widow," muttered Bluffer, who was known to have sporting proclivities.

"I think I must bid you good night," said Francis, bowing with a slightly heightened color to the guests who about her. "Good night, Mrs. Brown," and vanished through the door.

Half an hour later Mr. Blake heard a gentle tap at his door. Throwing it open, he stood for a moment in a state of ecstatic bewilderment.

For before him stood Francis, looking demurely downward at a knot of roses, whose carnation seemed reflected in her cheeks.

With a rapturous exclamation Blake sprang forward. But lifting her glad eyes to his own with a sweet, yet shy glance, he told him all he would know. Francis turned and sped lightly up the stairway. Passing at the head of the flight, and detaching one of the roses from her breast, she touched her fresh young lip to it and tossed it so deftly that it fell at Blake's feet.

Something to be thankful for," she whispered, "I thought, Blake, that I might, if I were to give you my roses, I should give you my heart."

THANKSGIVING DAY.
Familiarly a Woman's Festival—A Day Celebrated Within the Walls of Home.

It may not be generally recognized, but it is a fact that Thanksgiving is peculiarly a woman's festival.

In the first place, unlike our other chief National festival, the Fourth of July—of Christmas and New Year's have never been made the subject of National enactment or proclamation by the President of the Government—Thanksgiving is a day celebrated within the walls of home; for even the church service in the morning, when one is attended, is a part of the home surroundings.

It is toward home that every one who is away from it looks on the approach of the day; it is home to which every one comes who has any home to come to. It is home and the things of home that are remembered afterward in reciting the next day was passed. And home is the woman's throne—a throne very possibly, but one nevertheless of deep significance. Whatever other sphere she fills abroad and in the world, still, as where her home is, she is the center of the world.

Woman is, then, entirely the priestess of this altar; and it is an altar, this Thanksgiving one, to which Delphos could have offered but a feeble rivalry. For the keenest of Thanksgiving Day intends not to be offering sacrifices to a priestess, but to receive blessings from a priestess.

All blessings received, all misfortunes withheld, but it is with all that a celebration of the fact and existence of home. And who so fit and natural to make that celebration, to officiate as priestess, as the woman? Wherever woman is is the shrine, and the altar; she is the peculiar genius of home, and the festival of Thanksgiving is the festival of the home—the festival of woman.

Woman is, then, entirely the priestess of this altar; and it is an altar, this Thanksgiving one, to which Delphos could have offered but a feeble rivalry. For the keenest of Thanksgiving Day intends not to be offering sacrifices to a priestess, but to receive blessings from a priestess.

DOT SURPLUS IS ALL RIGHT.

Hans Brietman gave a party;
Where is that surplus now?

The Nation had a surplus;
Where is that surplus now?

G. Cleveland whacked the surplus;
Where is G. Cleveland now?

His message struck the surplus;
Where is that message now?

Free Trade assailed the surplus;
Where are Free Traders now?

The Mills bill hit the surplus;
Where is the Mills bill now?

They all "shied" at the surplus;
Where are the "shyers" now?

The country had a surplus;
Where is that surplus now?

Don't worry about the surplus;
It will be all right now!

—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

THE SOLDIER'S VICTORY.

A Great Triumph for the Boys Who Wore the Blue in 1861-65.

The exciting political struggle is at last over, and victory perches on the banners of their veterans.

They have vetoed the great vetoer everywhere. From Maine to California, from the Lakes to the Ohio, they moved against him and his solid columns, and routed him and them everywhere.

The victory is decisive and complete. It is a Waterloo for Mr. Cleveland, Colonel Matson and soldier-haters generally. They have been struck a knock-out blow.

Cleveland entered the contest with high confidence. He had, from his point of view, abundant reason for this. Money without stint was at his command; he had the most powerful "machine" under his control that the country ever saw. With the South so securely solid that there was no need of any exertion in that section, he could put into the Northern States a horde of infatigable "workers" from it to reinforce the well-organized cohorts already there. He had powerful newspapers in all the Northern States. A strong majority of the papers in New York were on the side of free trade.

This gave him a confidence which led him and his friends to stoutly claim California, Nevada, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Michigan, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Sometimes they even claimed Ohio, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas and Nebraska. He claimed the most of these even up to midnight of the day of election, but every one has been carried against him except New Jersey and Connecticut, where the Prohibition vote saved these States to him.

The credit for his defeat is unquestionably due to the veterans. They presented a solid front against which he could not break, and which proved decisive in the closer States. The time had come for them to express their disapproval of him and his course, and they did it most emphatically. They forgot party affiliations in resenting hostility to them and their comrades. Had they divided as they did when he was first elected his reelection would have been assured.

Nor has their work stopped with the defeat of their principal enemy. They have defeated Colonel Matson in Indiana, and elected in his stead that splendid friend of the soldiers, General A. P. Hovey. Thus is Matson's treachery properly punished.

They have also expressed their disapproval of the course of the present Congress in failing to pass the desired pension legislation, by taking the control away from the party which is now dominant in the House of Representatives and giving it to the Republicans.

The pledged friends of the soldiers will be in a strong majority in both Houses of next Congress, which with a President elected when the pension issue was made so prominent a feature of the campaign, makes the outlook for veteran's rights very bright. Possibly the decisive rebuke administered at the polls may spur Mr. Cleveland and the present Congress into doing something to make amends in the few months that remain to them of official life. If they do not, the next President and Congress will certainly respond heartily to the wishes of the men who saved the country.

Truly, it has been a great day for the veterans.—National Tribune (G. A. R.)

THE PROHIBITIONISTS.

Where is the Vote That Was to Rob the Republicans of Victory?

Next to the astonishment expressed over the disappearance of the mugwump vote is that relating to the Prohibition vote. The threatened overwhelming of both parties by the advocates of prohibition was a boast too recently made to be easily forgotten, but at least one of the old parties is alive and kicking—No, the other party was to rob the Republicans of the prize by defeating Harrison in New York? Where was the boasted Prohibition strength in Iowa, the stronghold of prohibitory legislation? There is but one answer to these questions. Prohibitionists, unlike mugwumps, are amenable to the laws of reason, and when they are convinced of the error of their former ways, they thereupon retrieve their mistakes. In spite of sporadic agitation in a few widely scattered points the Prohibitionists made little attempt to rally under the banner of the hermaphrodite ticket of Fisk and Brooks. Prohibitionists have at last come to the conclusion that their cause will flourish better under Republican rule than under the proposed regime of prohibition. They never had a chance of succeeding nationally, and their hope of obtaining the balance of power is gone. Their local attempts at prohibition have proved failures, and therefore the wise men of the party have generally agreed that the cause will be better served by aiding in the success of the Republican movement. This is about the only reasonable conclusion they could arrive at, and the wisdom of their action will be seen in the coming years. It is to be sadly regretted, however, that they did not unite for Warner Miller in New York, who stood upon a platform of temperance and decency, as opposed to the rowdy and saloon elements which backed Dave Hill.—Chicago Mail.

THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT.

Some Things That Have Been Taught by the Great Republican Victory.

The people have decided for the Republican party after four years of Democracy in the White House. Every fraudulent pretense upon which Mr. Cleveland was supported as a reformer, all the cant of his friends about non-partisanship in the public service, all their sham zeal for purification of the Government, have been made contemptible and odious in popular estimation by the conduct of Mr. Cleveland's Administration. A single term of experience under a Democratic sham reformer was enough, and more than enough. The President himself, and the choice assortment of disloyalists, scamps, jail-birds and political knaves whom he has placed in office instead of loyal, trained and faithful public servants, will retire into obscurity. Not by such material can an intelligent Nation be governed a second term. With them depart from public consequence the hypocrites who professed to be anxious about the purity of the Government, in order to stab in the back the defenders of protection.

The people have decided that the American policy of protection for home industries shall stand; that any needed modification shall be made by its sincere friends, and not by those who, under the false pretense of seeking only a moderate reform of the tariff, have tried to break down that policy, and to start the country on the road toward English free trade.

For months the most effective help of the liquor interest have been those professed temperance men who deprived the Republican candidates of the electoral votes they lost at the North, and who struggled hard to turn over many others to the Democratic party. Honest and brave Republicans of New York passed a license bill, and were rewarded in the defeat of Mr. Miller by the conduct of professed temperance men, who helped to re-elect the Governor by whom the measure was vetoed. Honest and brave Republicans in New Jersey passed a Local Option law, and were rewarded by a delivery of the electoral votes of the State to a free-trade candidate, and by the defeat of Legislative candidates who were obnoxious to the saloon interest. The result will make third-party Prohibitionists everywhere recognized as the allies of the rum-shops.

The Democrats proposed "a campaign of education," and there is not the least doubt that the people have been educated to a notable extent. They have learned enough not to trust a person as a reformer who picks out such men as Thompson and Higgins as chief instruments in the work. They have learned enough not to call a bill a measure of "moderate tariff reform," which English manufacturers shout over as a free-trade triumph. They have learned that a Prohibitionist who works to help the rum-shops is not the best friend in the world of temperance. Let us all be thankful that so much has been learned. Let us also be thankful that under that rule of the Grand Old Party, which has helped the country to become more honored and powerful, richer and more prosperous, happier in its homes and more progressive in its institutions, than any other country on earth, these United States will resume the onward and upward march which the election of Grover Cleveland in 1884 partially arrested.—N. Y. Tribune.

AFTER THE ELECTION.
The educational campaign has been a wonderful Democratic eye-opener.—N. Y. Tribune.

"The Solid South" and "The Solid North" will merge into "the Solid United States," Hail, Columbia!—Minnesota Tribune.

THE DEMOCRATS
GREAT BRITAIN'S CHAMPION
ONE
—Philadelphia Press.

The Democrats who were betting on Michigan have gone out into the woods to meet the fellows who staked their money on Minnesota.—Burlington Hawkeye.

The Brigadiers who have been sojourning abroad for the past few years at the expense of the country they tried to destroy can prepare to come home.—Ohio State Journal.

Thanks to the Republican National Committee. They were men, every one, and were backed up by men from the Atlantic to the Pacific. More harmonious and energetic workers never united to accomplish greater results.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

It has been decided that the people of the United States do not on coming to the forks of the path, take the one that leads downward into the barbaric lands, but they are on the march for the higher and better civilization where the sunlit cities shine on the hills.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Democrats say that the Republicans "bought up" enough votes to carry New York. If that was the case, there must have been good many Democrats for sale. But it is not true. The Republican gain was in the country, where the purchasable vote is not found. This seems to destroy that plea.—Chicago Journal.

Farewell to thee, Grover the Lucky, Bayard the Blunderer, Garland the Unhappy, Black the Total Wreck, Higgins the Heeler, Phelps the Chappie, Gorman the Smooth, Stevenson the Headman, Kelley, the Royal Football, Dickinson the Partisan, and all the phantasmagorical crew who have strutted and fretted through the nightmare of what seems a political dream!—Buffalo Express.

Think of it! There is not only a prospect, but an absolute certainty, of Delaware being represented in the Senate by a Republican! The little colony, which has all along been looked at as the personal pocket-piece of the Bayards (Bayards, if you please, with the accent on the Bay), has at last plucked up courage and obtained a Republican majority in its Legislature. This insures a Republican Senator, if the aristocratic king of the copperheads does not make use of the first syllable of his pronounced name.—Chicago Mail.

THOMAS KIRBY,

Banker,

ABILENE, KANSAS.

TRANSACTS A

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Gives Especial Attention to Collections

Buy and Sells Foreign and Domestic Exchange.

Negotiates Mortgage Loans